

Come And Get The Gift  
Come And See The Gift  
Come And Hear The Gift  
Come And Taste The Gift.

Anthony A. Bono

**Editor-in-Chief** Peter Couza  
**Literary Editors** Peter Belinskai  
Melody Hertz  
Thomas Mancini  
Dennis Morris  
Angela M. Ross  
Marilyn Spezzale  
**Art Editors** Sean O'Hara  
Stanley Janka  
**Contributing Artists** Doug Skull  
Stanley Janka  
Marilyn Spezzale  
Richard  
**Photography** David Croomis  
Bob Gerard  
Dian Kuzma  
Thomas Mancini  
Sean O'Hara  
**Faculty Advisor** Angela A. Rapkin

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**CYCLE**

In Spring daisies quiver in the breeze  
As ripples paint the lake with patterns

Leeks cascade down the garden fence  
Like a lavender waterfall

Tiny yellow flowers bloom  
In the crevices of the path

And there is peace —

In Autumn the daisies are limp and trampled  
And the lake is stagnant and choked with death

The fence is entangled with grey spiny fingers  
That no longer reflect the beauty of life

Leaves have buried  
The forgotten path

And there is not —

In Winter the shadow of the daisies is hidden by the snow  
And new patterns are imprinted in the pond of ice

The simple gate stands transformed  
Now a palace door of icicles and frost

The footprints carved in the snow  
Are etched with the silver of the moonlight

And there is hope —

**Roman Reflections**

Glance upward  
And angels and lambs  
Will guide you to a world of patterns.

As you pass through the portal  
Absorb the reflections of wonders  
And you will rediscover the outer images.

Silver and crystal  
Define your position  
As you continue along the path.

Although rarely seen,  
Stripes and swirls  
Will appear through azure spectacles.

With painted pebbles  
In your pocket  
Run through the pouring rain —

All the while remembering  
That these reflections  
Can be found whenever you seek them.

The Sun

Black child, make your way  
Black child, may come better days.  
Shine on, black child.  
But, shine on with pride.  
From the days of slavery, you have derived.

Fear not the night, black or white  
Fight not those who call  
Your blackness an ugly sight.  
Shine on, black one —  
Your blackness is right.

For your shine  
Is a shrine of hope,  
Shine of happiness,  
Shine of joy!

You shine for a new tomorrow  
A new life.  
Shine on, Black Boy!

Donyale Ryan





Sin and Soul

Sin and Soul!  
That is what I'm told  
Every blackman possesses.

Hurt and fear,  
You can find them here.  
This too the blackman possesses.

Soiled with sweat  
And full of regret  
You can find it here.

Lost in faith,  
For the past cannot be erased.

Sin and soul!  
Is what I'm told.

Donyale Ryan

## Something More

Donyale Ryan

Through the long and bitter years,  
Lord only knows those burning tears.  
Tears that describe the hurt they bore.  
The scars from the wounds showed the pain they endured.  
But still, still they had something more,  
Something more to push them along,  
To chain their bodies  
And break their homes.  
Things like this would break the common man's soul.  
Still they stood, and they stood alone.  
Very few willing to help them along.  
Yes, these were men, but men they were not.  
They were save, but they were not seen.  
Shattered always were their hopes and dreams.  
And to what, what extent could be their dreams?  
Yes, to walk, to walk and breathe with ease.  
Was Freedom! Freedom!  
The extent of their dreams?  
Ah, but yet Yes, there was something more.  
Something more to push them along.  
It had to be something stronger than a dream.  
It had to be something stronger than a walk.  
It had to be something as strong as  
FREEDOM itself!  
It could not be broken.  
They would not let it die.  
Yes, generation, after generation.  
It helped us to climb the economical,  
Social, and educational ladder high.  
Yes, this something, this something,  
Helped us to get by.  
This something — this something —  
Had to be our PRIDE.



Me

Born in the ghetto  
Lived in the slums  
Reaching for hope; finding none.

Toiled at work  
I had no joys  
No childhood  
Filled with children's little joys.

Hate the sweat  
And every single damn day.  
Afraid someone might get hurt  
Just by rubbing me the wrong way.

Caring less of what I do;  
Not giving a damn of what I've become.

Born in the ghetto  
Lived in the slums.  
That's why I don't give a damn  
About what I've become.

Donyale Ryan

Cast In My World of Rejection

I stand alone  
My thought my own  
In my world of refection

Torn between  
This blackman's dream —  
My world of refection.

Cast away!  
My mind is said to be  
Introverted this day  
So bitterly I'm cast away

Valuable, my beliefs to me.  
Cast away —  
I've chosen to be  
In my world of refection.

Donyale Ryan

PATTERNS OF SEDUCTION

Red Wine

Warm velvet softness.  
Confront tortured palm  
Cause streams of red wine  
flowing  
From the vineyards of God.

Flash-flooding the cells among  
The palm's range  
Arousing within, strong will  
for response  
Obscure are the zones of pleasure.

Edgar Allen III



Anything you sometimes do  
Now.

You will always do.  
Forever.

And, ever hear a baby  
Cry?

She knows her mother's lost;  
Forever.

Lift your head up high;  
She'll change the violent storm.



A Baby's Lament

EDGAR ALLEN III



M. 20

Mr. [REDACTED] - 100-1000000  
[REDACTED] - 100-1000000  
[REDACTED] - 100-1000000

Highly  
adhesive

For more information  
please contact:  
Peter J. Hargan  
Peter J. Hargan

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200 Human



new york 22



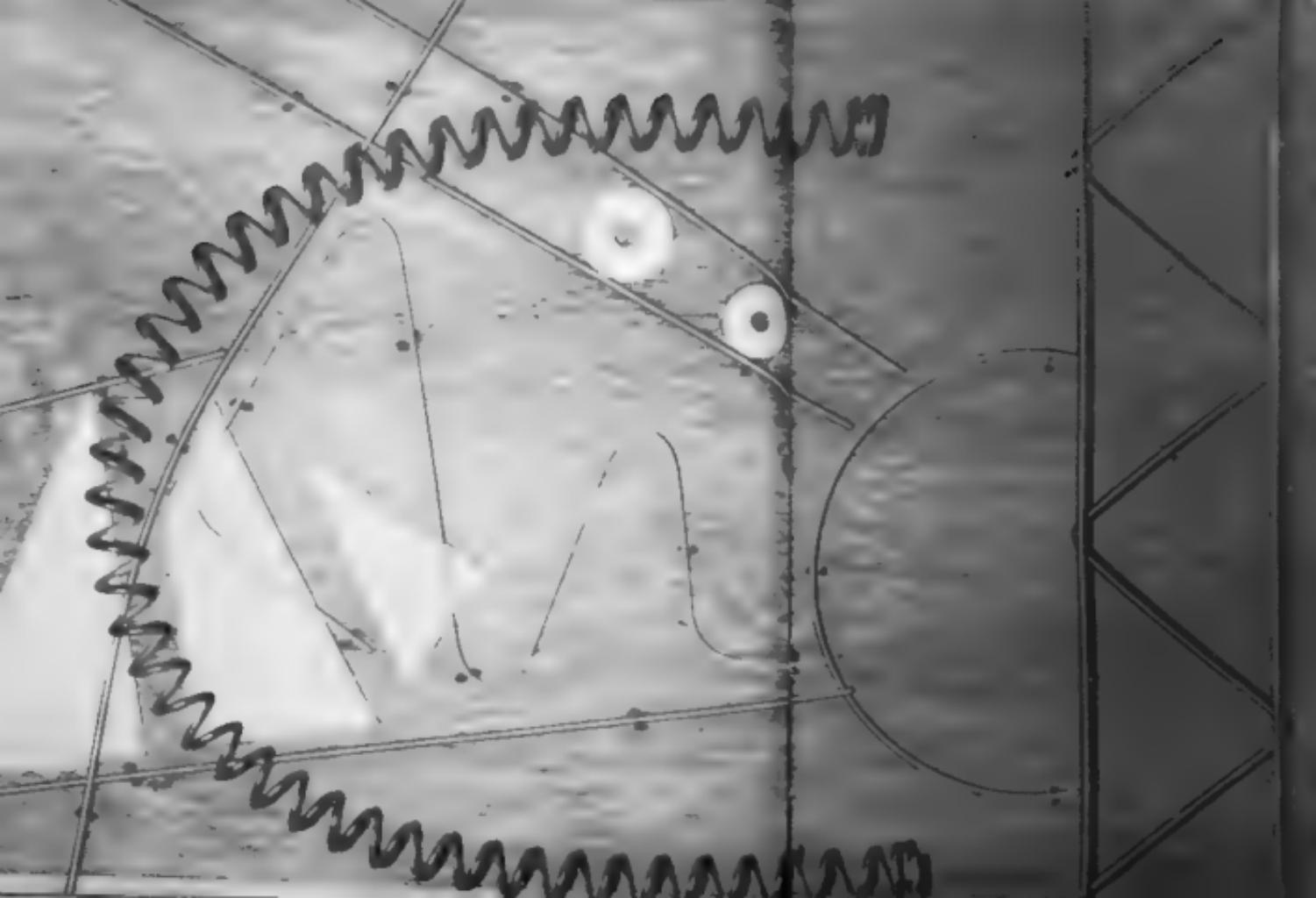
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4. 5. 6.  
A. B.  
P. Q. R.  
S. T. U.



### Number Songs

To the Old Folks



The Bridge & The  
The Sea The Sun &  
ME

Stan Jarka

Trees



## Daybreak On A Farm

A Sparrow flies toward it

A Dog barks unknowingly at it

The proud rooster crows to welcome it

Then the lonely farmer

    This      Dog

Calm

Then you meet      the God

## Inspiration

Never, an Sun  
The Day The Earth Stood Still  
And Let Me Observe  
For What Left The Day  
    To

And The Trees Will Heal  
They All Breathed  
Surprising Amounts of Air  
Lifting Their Leaves High  
To Stretch High To The Sky

## In Only One Epoch

    Lonely  
    Love To  
    Comes  
    Come  
    To me

    Hum  
    Du no  
    Host E  
    E man  
    Murt f  
    F de  
    Destroy  
    P tyk

    In y  
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    In on y  
    ove To  
    ing a play  
    rown  
    Bamboo petrified in kids behind  
    Just to give the undertaker  
    Something to take under

## The Birds Fly High

    The L  
    Extende  
    wings elevated  
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## Birth

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Antho y A

people's culture, their political culture, their economic culture, their social culture, their religious culture, their educational culture, their scientific culture, their technological culture, their artistic culture, their literary culture, their musical culture, their dramatic culture, their architectural culture, their historical culture, their geographical culture, their environmental culture, their political culture, their economic culture, their social culture, their religious culture, their educational culture, their scientific culture, their technological culture, their artistic culture, their literary culture, their musical culture, their dramatic culture, their architectural culture, their historical culture, their geographical culture, their environmental culture.





POEM





A Different Music

LIKE D.H. LAWRENCE DUG FLOWERS

ever  
never know  
who'sosity  
who cares  
the flowers remind me of beauty and decay... how can  
and your gestures  
float around all never come down  
the other times... right back you're still  
because i have to hear you're in your silver tears  
but i have to  
somewhere no see of me  
i satisfies something

the moon float in the sky is... the thing... we heaves... i me he says  
that's it men that i find the world things unless forget who in this  
big pun howl and they all think nobody doans

then lets all together you and  
and let the sky pond her own problems  
and let a puss... i don't hear... and  
who cares  
don  
d... know is that man tucks a right... i even

sem... i... my

spirit water

who is st. de pres?  
why when i go to bathe  
john. some frenchman

that ludicrous sinking feeling:  
and the shadows on the tub

than all of a sudden you  
start realising and feeling  
that other feeling

proud chest (indian secret)

philosophers skin of skin  
skin, the skull, hair

the natural  
worthy internal

constellations

of sensation

occultisms  
spirits

total meeting

the indians

before the white man

america

see magic

peacock



## Unconscious Experiment

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The War

## The Last Eunuchal Embryo

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P Memoriam: Thomas Alva Edison

Of Procreation & Proof

Memorandum

To the

President

of the

United States

Memorandum

for the consideration of

Memorandum

to the

President

Memorandum

to the

President

Memorandum

to the

President

Memorandum

to the

President

v NE - 1941  
M. May Day  
v. T.S. S.  
A. S.  
v.

Turned-off Telephone Blues

v. C. G.  
T. P.  
F. G. R.  
E. L. E.

H. v. C. S.  
v. C. S.

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T. G. Y. C. H.  
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T. G. Y.

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April 1, 1968



#### Of Occident & Incident

Where be sickness  
if not here

How look naked  
if not bare

When be time  
if not now

Which be quest on  
if not how

What keeps mind  
if not free

Who breaks chains  
if not me

Peter Cocuzza

# ANGELA

## Writing

Question upon Question . . .  
Little upon Great-ness . . .  
Ass upon shoulder  
Peace upon Hope .  
Killing upon Killing . . .  
Blood upon Nothing . . .  
Nothing upon Knowing-ness . . .

## Superman Returns

Gray  
Herding the moon-child.  
Smile.  
Six animal-like people — naked  
Never hearing . . .  
Never Question . . .  
Darkness Darkness Darkness  
Then Blue  
Touching Aurora.

## Today and Saturday

Walk three Blocks . . . then  
fall to your right  
Kissed by the wind which  
didn't come

## Prudence Stay

I have just about completed my life  
A month ago two years  
Smoke drifting down  
The New York Times speaks  
Enter the goat.  
Then pinks and blues  
Return not . . .  
Completed — nay  
That, that comes, will not yet see the light.

## Homer vs. Sagittarius

Baroque  
How I Knew them  
not . . .  
A peering Flash  
Flemished lines . . .  
Passing the moon  
With thorns around . . .  
Herds,  
Of animals winging  
Homer away .

# M. RODD

## I Have Arrived

The obvious is yet not the most impossible  
But the impossible is yet the most obvious.  
The speeding rocket landed upon the rainbow  
Of the untouched with sinner impossible dreamer.  
Of any hope of  
Arr.ved  
Destination here

## Crystal Revisited

Noise, Hell with it. Noise, Say the word  
And you'll be noise as me!  
Noise, just imagine and it's all over ...  
The coming of the dawn ... the ending of  
Five years ... from the Sun to thy feet ...  
Noise ...  
Just groove on it ...  
Just let it start!  
And then ...  
And then ...  
And then ...  
CRYSTAL!

## John

Man walks alone with  
such hope  
Appeared the moon, covered in pink ...  
Completing its wonder-parted path  
That we died You  
can appear  
The great blue appearing  
star  
with  
shining.

## CRYSTAL

Once ago, I can't really remember,  
But I'll try  
Once ago I was a small child with  
no wonder of the world outside of mine.  
I remember very little of my years as a so  
called teen-ager; Times were really hard  
Now that I'm told I'm an adult with nothing  
but a small crystal  
Once ago ... I was a child.

## Proxy. Proxy. 1984

Here, as time just passes away,  
Crystal, it all starts  
Sounds of the past  
Come with such a great  
insight now!  
Sounds of the present  
just don't happen!



I spent child creation, claimed my heart,  
began pseudonymity for you.  
Part of my being, tormented by my spirit  
while I did it.

Am you creature, am you imitation? That's how  
I imagined my son?  
I have given you life, my work is done.  
I have been scorned, rejected and shamed.  
The agony I have felt, your mother had felt  
the same.

I could have succeeded if many times I had said  
Feeling say I suffered your pain, I know it is so.  
There are many things about you that you do  
not know.

You have many unknown kind.  
Relation an epitome of relations  
nothing  
They prize mortal sum  
You able now birth's joyous, you can do  
they can do.  
But never feel ashamed for them Jesus was  
a human.

—C. S. Lewis

ANSWERING  
T. H. HARRIS

FOR HELL  
AND THE TRUTH  
MAYBE

NO HELLO  
OR ONE TWO THREE  
WE ARE HAVING A

HELL

To Hell with Bell Tel!

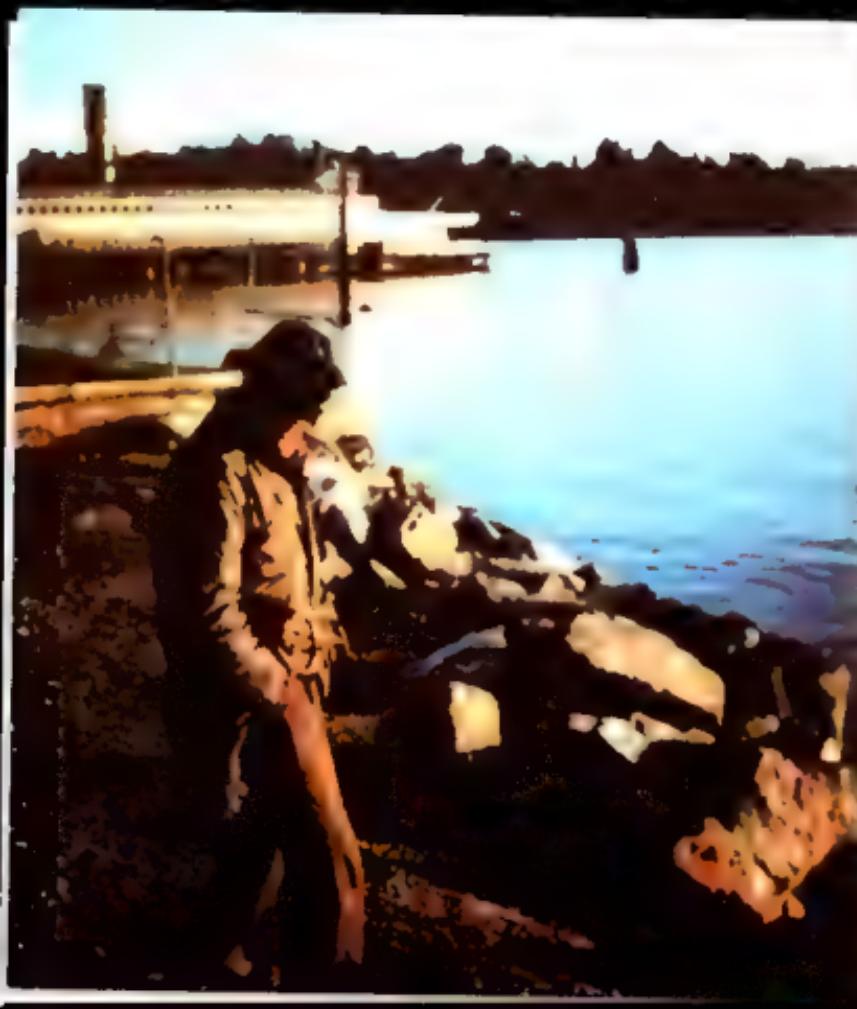


To Thee: Jus' Arizona?  
Jus' Me?

| T   | M   | N   | P   | Q   | R   | S   | T   | U   | V   | W   | X   | Y   | Z   |
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THURSDAY





Landy Lazarus

Melody Lane

children and it's a sign  
And we sent a deer back and

and we made the children  
back and have our family

Melody Lane

Children play, as throughout the day,  
Whose faces and voices denote sounds of glee,  
Were — yellowers, meadows quite prede-

All are the things which stimulate Spring

Photo Essay  
David Crooms













## Fairies

She steps gently through the dawn  
To tell me night  
A giant leaping with darkened glow  
But the forest knows and sighs  
Antic pat on of a sight  
Among the shrubs the hunters hide  
The creature weaves beneath the trees  
And comes on in sight  
A woodsmen leaps a woodsmen grasps  
and to the fight ensues  
But he is too slow  
And the scimitar shears  
into the stygian hue  
But when the hunter turns his head  
in the direction of the fight  
The focus is caught  
in a silent shadow  
And she comes as if to play  
when she sees the woodsmen  
she comes to his side  
And kindly carefully clasps his arms  
and ministers to him

It is then that he can see  
humanity abode  
And deep insides that dark veneer  
scare that is no skin

He sees a balance here  
in fathomless depths and with unnumbered facets  
shines with pristine glory

In caverns deepest there  
that express hemmed in a labyrinth  
of aescetic story

The hunter knows he understands

and leave her naked on the stage  
Eternal amazement tears inside  
wracks with euphoric delight  
Emotions and rationality conflict  
As the morning dawns the morning sun  
soon reveals the fight

in the dust is the woodsmen low  
Coleman

## Man

Man walks upright a protusion above the soil  
Everywhere with the sun rays  
a few days ago grows  
like a fungus that feeds on whatever can  
and bacteria that decays whatever it will  
Man walks  
Man walks  
Man walks  
Man walks

A solitary figure traveles through the settling dust  
Evening

He walks through the setting dust  
And at his sides sadness and uneasiness  
Of what that something she is unsure  
while he has handled much that has  
done with him  
And found than only momentary

An old  
Man walks on  
Man progress  
Man looks around  
Man sees the new  
and wonders

Two moments cross  
Two single ones spy the other  
and anger  
Emotions are set but all they know is their own  
hope and despair  
They do not see the face  
They can not fathom the depths  
They cannot understand the flesh

Hateful seas  
Misunderstandings bubble  
A what on ensues  
and a

Through the darkness comes a man  
He's spent and lost as others have who he  
So he struggles through the thick dust of the way  
And just as others he also comes to know little  
And so he dies and rots  
And his ashes mingle with the dust of the road  
to collect on the feet and stifle the lungs of the next man  
who comes that way

## Babes

My arms are shackled tight  
Pray loose my bonds that  
I may serve you with my might  
I worked and worked on those thick chains  
and finally set him free  
And then he did get on his knees and bowed  
to his prince

My head was big my heart was cold  
and commanded in the end  
Spend not your time in worthless here  
but pay me dividend  
At this request he brought me gifts  
my eyes you do not believe

He brought me things from everywhere  
in but little cast es high  
But one bright day realized was  
Prometheus save my life pray  
and we set you free  
He turned to me with saddened eye and could  
not say  
He had no gold no asting g it  
of immortality

## Command

Incluye la Declaración

**D**arkness surrounds me—  
I am in deep darkness.  
**H**ead heavy—  
lying in the dark,  
I am deeply  
depressed.



in Rome

JOY

Everything was ready - I am not to work at 8 AM - 10:30 AM 2<sup>nd</sup> floor - 1<sup>st</sup> floor  
Friedrich Melby came however from 3-26  
revenue was put away in the safe - moving  
forward means no longer was it required he  
as a foreigner considered as the post office  
has no right to ask his name, however

gave a final warning speech as he was about to die. He will be a dead letter now, & to be the dead.

The trade steamer and my car are now ready for the return trip. We have had an excellent day's work. The field examination has been completed and the data mapped down. The trees seem to be following my predictions.

TOP help and some understand  
BETTER if you have time & money  
you can  
even

RE. YOUR REASON TO TAKE A TANGENT PATH  
IN 1953 & 1954. THIS WAS MY MISTAKE.  
SINCE I HAD BEEN WORKING FOR THE  
P.D. IN SAN FRANCISCO, I HAD NO TIME  
TO DO ANYTHING ELSE. I WOULD HAVE BEEN  
STOPPED BY POLICE AND ARRESTED OR  
WORSE IF I HAD BEEN FOUND WITH BURGESS.  
BUT I HAD BEEN WORKING FOR THE P.D.  
FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND  
HE HAD A POSITION WHICH WAS UNCHALLENGED  
BY BURGESS. ALSO, HE WAS NOT INVOLVED  
WITH BURGESS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE  
SMOKED, BUT I DON'T THINK HE WAS INVOLVED.  
I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE BEEN  
STOPPED OR ARRESTED WITH BURGESS.  
I DON'T SEE HOW I COULD HAVE BEEN STOPPED  
BY THE POLICE.

After the usual apparel we took our walk after dinner. Mr. Webb was showing us around my island and I was out walking. My heart seemed to get more and more heavy which I seemed unable to realize. The external world wanted stay for ever and ever. It's happiness looked around me and all the pleasure were carried away from me. These people when path and they said their ward to my room this day.

The new dog reluctantly walked back to the car. King strolled over and began to observe him more closely. He was very heavy on the lead, as a result of his long walk.







### Notice of Age in Autumn

The windowpanes drowned by the wind

The leaves shattered against the roof  
The seconds all twirled by indiscretely  
As the flash hit my ears, a paper pool

### To know

don't understand why  
you want to stop  
it doesn't seem to draw me out  
The eraser is broken  
The was paper thin  
through them in

### Sun. Cloud and

The sun rose  
And you passed out  
I ran around with me  
Looking for something to see

The sun was overhead  
And it could never be  
swallowed a sweet or it  
ran around my body  
Down to my socks

The sun fell down  
And I covered the event  
I couldn't see the sunset  
Cause of the things in the way  
So I went to bed. Bye Bye

### The Day Standing Dead

This day was waiting  
Cold sun, anything  
Wreath wing, nameless  
Picking up the leaves of fear  
Which way is the wind going?  
How much does cost?  
Here you are, I want to go along  
Give me my ticket

The hour was strong  
was hand, and my fur  
lights, in particular my nose  
Dropping in, so near as I'm a rose  
Which day was the song playing  
you don't know, you're leaving you silly  
Why am I always sitting alone  
Maybe I should be standing

And always the same end me  
I stand, where should I be standing  
Not in the park, not in the garden  
Not in the street, not even what I'm in  
Can I stand where I'm in  
Mister in me... why he's dead  
Living ago, this was a surprise  
His eyes are open, his breathing  
But he's gone, his soul is no longer his  
He lost it  
When he pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket  
He fell in a hole  
He took some paper off the street  
And filled in the hole so it never get out

Are you happy or star? Mister  
His hearing's gone  
Wonder how long he's been this way  
We've got to find a hole and the end of the day  
Is almost here  
Can I stand in here anyway

Michael Banasewycz



### Wednesday's Dream

A voyage would I take,  
if only for the sake of greed?

No.  
I'd choose to stay.

For love means more than selfishness,  
and complex pleasures cannot compare with simple joys  
that were created for all to share.

I will not submit now,  
or when the ship embarks again.

For this selfish journey  
cannot reward the good,  
which should be understood  
before this sacred skimmer to somewhere  
leaves this place we now call

"Here"

Marilyn

In this complicated cluster of reality  
Which has taken  
All Beauty  
and  
Destroyed it.  
Can there be something still left untouched?  
Something pure and simple  
and  
Unaided by technology?  
Something as Bright as the Sun,  
as sparkling as a rain drop  
and  
As natural as a flower?  
Can there be  
LOVE?

Marilyn

### Empty

A crowded room filled with empty people  
With empty souls I know will never find me  
And empty hearts that do not feel my pain  
With empty smiles that try to crawl inside me  
And empty mouths that only speak in vain  
With empty minds that barely understand me  
And empty hands that touch but never reach me  
And empty ears that do not hear me crying

Marilyn

The trees stand in rows,  
as the people come to see and hear  
of the world that was before.  
They laugh and joke and talk of nothing,  
as the reality of the past  
tries to project its truth.

Stay and understand this sin of humanity,  
and accept this small gift of beauty  
that nature sadly offers  
in compensation of what was lost.

Marilyn Speziale



**The Sun On Thursday That So Many Missed**

Pink sun against a blue sky  
dipping through a cloud  
getting higher...

Birds flying round  
hearing the sound  
of the water  
rushing to meet the minds of those on the shore.

Rainbows playing in waves  
making patterns almost too magical to believe  
as the sun still rises  
and sheds its brilliance across the sky  
giving  
not only light  
but life  
to the world.

Mainlyn

### Faith

By Peter Cocuzza

My strength:  
Has seen the  
End before my  
Eyes could make  
Concept of the  
Formless seconds  
Appearing in  
Definite shapes.

My soul captures  
The fear that  
My mind can but  
Recognize.

Perception's game  
Overrules and  
Shames —  
    Perception's reign  
    Cannot help  
    But bring  
    JOY.



May the long time sun shine upon you,  
All love surrounds you,  
And the pure lights within you  
Guide your way on.

Mike Heron - "The Incredible String Band"

### Shapes of Things

As the embodiment of our aesthetic philosophy, the title of the Essex County College literary magazine identifies the works within. The poems — shaped by images, meter, rhyme, and metaphor; the essays — shaped by prose styles, research, and structure; the art work — shaped by the hand and tools of the artist; and the photography — shaped by the eye of the photographer are the realizations of ideas and emotions which cry out to be formed to be articulated, to be communicated. And so the magazine includes the shapes of emotions tempered by intellect and created out of experience. From these shapes, the reader might learn; for one may study the shapes of things in order that he might know them as they are; and one may study the shapes of things today in order to comprehend their evolution from the past and their development in the future. Indeed, one need but look to see the shape of Man.

Newark. Essex County College  
Misc.

NOV 30 1973

